

night upon my senses. I am benumbed.

Only the tightening cruel pains at my heart, dear O, the hurt of it; the deep, deep wounds that must bleed, bleed inwardly, always, always to ache in silence. Life has always had her way with me, dear. From a child she found me a willing top, with a brave heart, buoyant spirit and high courage. In her capricious teachings she has sometimes cheated me, but I have always prayed on, sometimes heaving back. But now, just now, when the desert seems so long, she shows me the rainbow. I have followed the glorified life of hope, happiness, belief, perfume, vision, love—then with sweet serenity engulfed I look again and find all the light, the color, the world disappear—again the desert's sandy face—the waste—the long way—the moon has gone—the stars have fled—and perhaps even God has forgotten. And so this time, dear, light has given me her cruel talons and with sharp claws torn all my courage, strength and resolution from my nature.

She has brought me to you—and yet all-enveloping love consumes me, soul and body, only to mock me. She has shown me the false door to happiness, then passed me on the other side alone. I can now only reach out memory's hand, dream hands, spirit hands to you, but in the citadel of my heart there will only be one little secret shrine where none else may ever enter. I shall repair there often and do worship of my life's best offering. There will always be a prayer for your happiness, sweet-heart, and upon the ashes of all my fondest dream, ambition and desire, I shall lay a little wreath of blood-stained leaves.

Good-night, and ah, so soon, good-night. I am cold, cold, dear. If I could only warm and hold me fast and gently kiss my eyelids down, I might then on your dear heart drink in sweet forgetfulness to sleep.

Always I love you, LYON.

Mrs. Barrett is a handsome, aristocratic looking woman of thirty-five. She is of an elegant, healthy build. She has a large fortune when she married the young portrait painter. Much of this fortune her husband has lost in speculation during the past few years.

I knew that something terrible like this was happening. I knew that the young wife, when she had identified her husband's photograph. "I haven't slept a minute all night. I have passed these rooms a thousand times wringing my hands and praying for him to come home. I said to myself time and again, 'My God, it is the same man.'"

Until a year ago my husband and I were as happy as any married couple in the world. He was a fine man, of high ideals, worthy of his people. He comes of one of the best families in Virginia. He was good in every way. He was religious and belonged to the Christian Science Church. The young man got a hold on him, settled his grip on him just as in the story of the vampire.

HE BEGAN TO DETERIORATE, SAYS MRS. BARRETT.

"From the very moment this woman began to wreak her terrible influence my husband began to deteriorate and go to pieces. He got nervous and irritable. He began to drink. He told me all and I thought to help him in his fight to throw off this spectre. I knew he knew he was going down; he knew there was no bottom to where he was falling. But he could not seem to free himself."

"Everything went wrong as the months went by. He neglected his work. His nerves became shattered. He was a ruin of his former self. He met with failure at every turn, and now this is the final blow."

Identification of Barrett was obtained from the superintendent of the Gainsborough Studios, No. 224 West Fifty-fifth street, where Barrett formerly lived, and from the proprietor of the Adrian Apartments, No. 215 West Fifty-seventh street, where the young man moved from the Gainsborough.

In both instances, photographs of the prisoner were identified as likenesses of Barrett and photographs of the young woman who persisted she was his wife were identified as another woman.

She was said to be a prominent woman of New Orleans.

Barrett is about thirty-three years old, more than six feet tall, broad shouldered and possessed of extraordinary strength. Those who identified his photograph said he had inherited a fortune from his father two years ago but had met with heavy financial reverses recently, losing not only his own money, but money of his wife and mother.

ARMY OFFICER SAW HIM ATTACK WOMAN IN STREET.

It was shortly after midnight when the young man attracted attention on Fifty-fourth street, near Broadway, by striking the woman who was with him

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with his fist. She fell screaming to the pavement. A crowd collected, among them Lieutenant Scott, U. S. A., who is now living at the Aero Club and has charge of important aeronautic experiments for the army.

Patrolman Butler of the West Forty-seventh street station was about half a block away when he heard the shrill screams of a woman and saw a crowd collecting near the corner of Broadway. He ran over and saw a beautiful young woman prone upon the pavement, with a burly young man standing over her, his hand on her head and shoulders with his cane.

Butler caught a man's arm and threw him to one side. Then he went over and lifted the woman from the pavement.

"Here, what are you butting in for," Barrett is alleged to have demanded of the policeman. "This woman is my wife."

"He lifted the cane again, but Butler jumped for him and caught him by the arm. The young man sought to throw him off, shouting, 'I tell you this is none of your business. This woman is my wife.'"

"He ought to be shot," cried several of the men and women in the crowd. Lieutenant Scott volunteered the information that Barrett had brutally attacked his woman companion with his cane. The woman was unable to speak for a moment and when she realized the situation she implored the policeman to go away.

"He is my husband," she cried. "He did not strike me. We will go away."

"Yes, beat it and mind your own business," broke in Barrett. But Butler could not be persuaded and conducted the pair to the West Forty-seventh street station.

CALLS FOR BALD BRING NO RESPONSE.

Lieut. O'Brien was on the desk. The woman repeated between sobs that she had not been attacked. O'Brien asked for their names and the man gave the name of Edgar R. Smith. The young woman, who carried a diamond-studded purse and other costly articles of jewelry, said she was Mrs. Smith. Both refused to give any address and pleaded to be set free.

"I'll hold you both for disorderly conduct," said O'Brien, "and unless you get somebody to furnish bail I'll have to lock you both up."

"I'll get plenty of people to bail me out," said Barrett, and gave the names of several men prominent in the middle section of the city. While the prisoners were being conducted to cells, telephone messages were sent to their homes, but no response in bail.

When Barrett was searched in the police station it was found he had secured any money in his clothes. The only mark of identification was found in his hat, the initials "G. H. B." When confronted with these initials he still held out that he was Edgar R. Smith, a mining engineer of Des Moines, Ia.

"I've got no New York address," he said, "and I wouldn't give it if I had."

This was the status of the case when the pair were arraigned before Magistrate McQuade in the West Side Court. The young woman was still hysterical and scarcely able to reply to the questions put to her by the magistrate. She said, however, that though the man had struck her.

HE SAID SHE OBJECTED TO RIDING IN TAXICABS.

His explanation was: "My wife and I had a dispute about the way we were to go home. I wanted to take a taxi and she wanted to ride in a car. I caught her in the arm to urge her to come to a taxi when all this fuss started. I did not even raise my cane to her."

In view of the denial of the woman Magistrate McQuade was compelled to dismiss the assault complaint.

The young Virginia aristocrat hurried from the courtroom with her companion, leaving her camera. As they started along Fifty-fourth street toward Eighth avenue, two photographers took up their position on the opposite pavement.

The enraged Barrett did not cease in his brutal handling of the photographer until a little group of men rushed at him, crying "Shame!"

Then he turned and looked about for his woman companion. She had left him and was walking away. The news of the assault on the photographer were still following the man when he caught up to the young woman, whispered to her and pursued his flight.

POLICEMAN CATCHES HIM AS HE GETS INTO TAXI.

Half a hundred men were trailing him as he darted up Eighth avenue. He sought to engage a taxi, but the shouts of the crowd behind frightened the chauffeur and they refused to pick him up. He ran to the corner of Fifty-seventh street and jumped into a waiting cab. A policeman jumped out at this point and dragged him from the cab.

The photographer arrived, cut and bleeding, and made a charge of assault. Barrett was taken back to the West Forty-seventh street station. On the way he began to wake up to his predicament and to plead with the photographer. He offered to pay damages for the assault. The photographer wouldn't listen to him and the complaint was entered in the blotter of the station house. Meanwhile the young woman had vanished.

The most remarkable feature of the second assault was that the companion photograph of the man assaulted had snapped a picture of the assault. As soon as this picture he rushed it down to his office, developed the plate and made a print. Then he rushed back to the West Side Court with the print, arriving a few minutes after the young Virginia had been lined up for his second arraignment.

DENIES STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHER WITH CANE.

Barrett was making a passionate plea to be released upon the second charge. "Judge," he cried, "when I left the courtroom with my wife we went along Fifty-fourth street. My wife was crying and nervous. She hid her face in her handkerchief when she saw those Kodak men and begged me not to allow them to photograph her."

"For God's sake," she said, "don't let them take a picture. It'll ruin me with my family. Judge, if that photograph had been taken it would have ruined her with her family, so I dropped her arm and hit out at the man with the camera. I did not strike him."

Assistant District Attorney Sullivan, who has taken up the second assault

## ALAS, HE HAS GROWN SO TALL

